

Lost Our Pup After Domestic Abuse Chapter 01

Three months into my pregnancy, my husband, brutally beat me until I had a miscarriage. The scene was horrific.

When my mother went to confront him, he struck her too, leaving her with a bloodied head and needing overnight hospitalization.

Afterward, my husband would kneel on the floor, begging and pleading, "I'm sorry, Clara. I swear I'll never lay a hand on you again and I'll break off all ties with that woman."

Watching the man grovel on his knees, this time, I didn't just sit and endure. Instead, on his birthday, the night he was still tangled up in a hotel with his longtime mistress, I took action.

Under the pretense of celebrating his birthday, I invited friends and relatives, along with his parents and closest buddies.

As everyone sang the birthday song and pushed the cake into the room, they saw the woman lying in bed.

One of my husband's closest friends cried out, "Mom?"

Ever since my husband started his affair, he would regularly resort to domestic violence, abusing me to the point where it became his addiction.

I had often been left bruised and battered, crying alone on the couch in the dead of night, clutching my injuries.

Every time I brought up divorce, he would collapse in tears, kneeling and begging, "I'm sorry, Clara! I was wrong.

Please don't leave me. I swear I'll change."

He printed an album filled with photos capturing every memory of our relationship, our first meeting, falling in love, the moments we shared.

With his sweet words, he managed to coax me into reconciliation countless times. I foolishly forgave him again and again, only to be left shattered each time.

He roared, "Even if love is gone, there's still the bond of family. Are you really willing to let go of ten years of love?"

It's like losing a family member. Think about the baby, if not for yourself!"

Gerald's fists cut like bone knives, driving me to despair. Yet his honeyed words would soften my heart time after time.

Until he beat me so severely that I lost our baby, leaving me critically injured and on the brink of death.

That night, when my mother heard the news, she went to confront him, only to be beaten bloody and rushed to the hospital.

That night, when I found out that my three-month-old baby was gone, I lay on the hospital bed, clutching my belly, tears streaming uncontrollably.

My father called the police and Gerald was arrested, but the next day his parents came with their relatives, smashing up our home. They stormed into the hospital, loudly accusing my family of being heartless.

Gerald's mother's voice echoed through the hospital halls and in her fury, she picked up a toothpick from a fruit tray and stabbed it repeatedly into my arm through my hospital clothes, making me scream in agony.

She screamed, "You had my son arrested, leaving a criminal record. What about his future children? Hurry up and tell the police to release him."

His father spoke calmly, "We're all family. Why take it so seriously? Clara, can't you be more forgiving?"

Their words tore me apart, inside and out. Their threats and bribes left my parents suffocating under the pressure.

"Gerald is a good man."

"Everyone gets out of hand sometimes. Hasn't every wife been hit by her husband?"

"A family needs understanding and harmony above all."

Gerald's parents and relatives surrounded my mother and me, preaching incessantly.

Hearing their twisted beliefs, I closed my eyes, my heart dead and numb. Divorce meant severing ties, but it was also a release.